

Dear hope

It is getting cold, fall is here and soon winter will come. To some, the winter is a depression time full of coldness and darkness. The days are much shorter and often you will enter and leave work seeing no day light. I have many friends wish they can just hibernate till the next summer.

To me, winter has never been a time of darkness but a time of renaissance. I have always produced my most amazing work at this time. I have always learned the most and grown the most. This is probably because it is normally a time of a new school semester after a summer vacation. No matter how good or bad the summer was, the winter washes away everything for me to start over the next summer.

I have had a wonderful summer with you. I have loved every moment and I have loved you. And even now as my schedule filled up the idle times I have to think, at the end of the day, it is still your face I picture when I close my eyes. It is still your voice I wish to hear before I go to sleep. It is still your eyes I wish to see when I wake up. For these feelings, I apologize to have them. I understand that you have other obligations and the timing is off. The timing is off for me too.

By telling you my feelings, I do want to make sure that its intention does not include any of your actions. It is only me saying who I am and how I feel, not who you are and what I expect you to do. I have always told you to never feel guilty for what has happened. My feelings are only feeling that will fade. Every feeling fades. This writing is therefore nothing but a record of feelings which one day we might look back and remember. If you ever feel lonely, read this letter and I am already with you.

The future is coming. In the mean time, go be who you are, and if we choose, we will insert ourselves into each other's future. You are already in all my futures, because you are now and forever a part of my heart.